

# *The Season's Greetings*

DECEMBER  
1936



# Gram



## R. I. P.—1936

*Special days are set apart because there are things in this busy life of ours we are apt to forget unless we have a day off to think about them. That is why Christmas and New Year's Day are so solemnly observed. They come at the close of one year and the beginning of the next . . . and they serve to remind us that we should give a fleeting look back over our shoulder, profit by our mistakes and then step forward into the New Year with new life, new hope and new assurance.*

*In this "fleeting look back . . ." we have the soft mantle of Christmas Charity understanding our mistakes and in the glad step into the New Year we have the determination to make this next year the high spot of our lives.*

*GRAIN, to each of its readers, to each of its writers, to each of its advertisers wishes with sincerest feeling the best of all Christmases and the happiest of all New Years!*



### Brother, Be A Winner!

*If you think you are beaten, you are;  
If you think you dare not you don't;  
If you'd like to win, but think you can't,  
It's almost a cinch you won't.*

*If you think you'll lose, you're lost,  
For out of the world we find  
Success begins with a fellow's work,  
It's all in the state of mind.*

*If you think you are outclassed you are;  
You've got to think high to rise;  
You've got to be sure of yourself before  
You can ever win a prize.*

*Life's battles don't always go  
To the stronger or faster man,  
But sooner or later the man who wins  
Is the one who thinks he can.*

EXCHANGE.

# Editorial

by DEAN M. CLARK

## YULETIDE THOUGHTS



From Halifax to Hong Kong, from Nome to Nagi Saki, from New York to New South Wales and from Cross Roads Corners to Singapore, crowds, groups, families and individuals are setting aside a day in commemoration of an influence that keeps this war-weary world from being too impossible for comfort.

An ocean liner must have a giant stabilizer to keep her on even keel. The spirit of Christmas is the stabilizer for the world — or else why, after a year-long tussle with the problems of life, should we on that day blossom forth into smiles? And have the good feeling deep down in our hearts that, "Noel, all is well . . .?"

On Christmas Day, Grandfathers relax the jaws that clamp the pipe and jovially recount amazing tales of their youth to the round-eyed grandchildren. Grandmothers find new girlhood in helping decorate the balsom. Fathers, accustomed to a dash between office and plant and club, suddenly discover opportunity to romp on the floor with the "young 'uns" and to gaily plant a caress upon their wife's lips. Mothers, as mothers always do, find their joy in the cheerful glow about them.

Christmas Day! The best day in fifty-two weeks! Gentlemen, we give you a toast: May this Christmas Day bring you a taste of the heaven that is to come!

## Grain

Published Monthly

332 So. La Salle St.  
CHICAGO, ILL.  
Phone HARrison 2425

A forum for operative  
and mechanical prob-  
lems in terminal ele-  
vators.

\$1 PER YEAR



DEAN M. CLARK - - Publisher  
SANDY KEIR - - - - Editor  
JOHN SCHULTHEIS - Staff Artist  
CHARLES STREHL - Circulation



Cordial Felicitations

FOR AN EXCEPTIONALLY

Merry Christmas

AND A

Grand 1937



JAMES STEWART CORPORATION

343 SOUTH DEARBORN STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# His Microscope Finds Fatigue

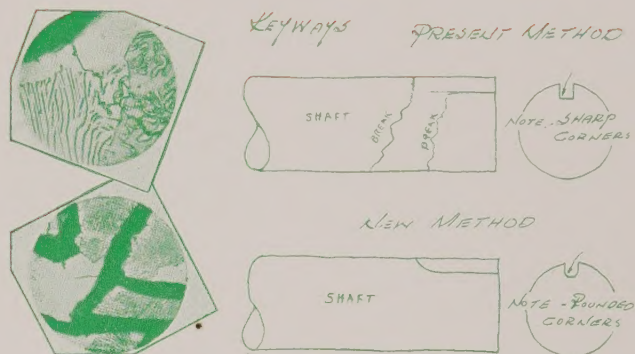
By Wm. F. Schaediger, Edgewater, New Jersey

Dr. F. F. Lucas of Bell Telephone Laboratories, New York, does not believe in the old theory of crystallization causing fractures in steel shafting and he introduced his theory—with ample illustrations to bear out his evidence—before the recent meeting of the American Society of Safety Engineers at the National Safety Congress, held in Atlantic City, N. J.

He holds that fractures are progressive failures (fatigue phenomena), and that fatigue usually has a starting point in a crack that starts at some sharp edge of a keyway and propagates slowly.

The Laboratories use high power microscopy to detect the starting of invisible cracks that spread to visible metallic failures, their microscope being the highest powered apparatus of its kind ever devised—capable of producing images at magnifications of 4,000 and even 6,000 times.

In their metallographic research on surfaces of metals with this equipment, the material to be observed or photographed is illuminated with visible light of a particular wave length so that the detail which can be observed and photographed—will be increased. This is due to the fact that impurities in



the metal and the metal itself are capable of absorbing certain wave lengths more readily than others, thus producing deceiving conclusions of the composition of the subject.

Dr. Lucas showed lantern slides of microscopic views of various metal surfaces where the magnification was so great that minute particles of non-metallic material could be easily seen and studied—fatigue cracks looming up along the lines of these solid, non-metallic inclusions, extending from one non-metallic inclusion to another as though they were “stepping-stones” by which the crack progressed.

By the use of this microscope it is possible to examine metals which fail under stress and determine the nature of the failure and usually the mechanism of the failure, i.e., whether the metal or its fabrication into the ultimate structure is at fault.

Dr. Lucas suggested that if keyways had round corners that the possibility of a crack or failure would be greatly lessened. I looked into this and find it to be true of breaks that have occurred at our plant, for when the 6-inch shaft on our barrel conveyor drive failed it occurred at the keyway which held the pinion gear in position.

This sketch shows how keyways may be made to reduce some of the failures, and while I do not know how this will work yet the information may be worth a thought. Also, possibly keys could be built on the shaft instead of cutting out the shaft for the keyways.





# WARNING

## TO GRANARY WEEVILS SAW TOOTH BEETLES CADELLES

and all other insects  
that destroy stored  
grains.

A new gaseous fumigant now protects stored grain from insect infestation. It is called Proxate and when properly applied, it destroys all insect life in grain stored in concrete, tile, brick or steel bins. Proxate kills insects in all stages — eggs, pupae, larvae, adults.

Proxate is safe . . . non-explosive and non-inflammable. Non-dangerous to humans. Costly shut-downs are avoided. Germinating powers of raw grains are in no way affected. Leaves no odor or residue. Easily applied.

For detailed information about Proxate, send for free booklet.

### THE LIQUID CARBONIC CORPORATION

3110 South Kedzie Ave. - Chicago, Ill.

Branches in 37 Principal Cities of the United States and Canada

London, England  
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SEND FOR  
FREE  
BOOKLET



LIQUID CARBONIC CORPORATION  
3110 South Kedzie Ave. - Chicago

Gentlemen: Send copy of "Proxate Fumigation Hand Book"

My name.....  
Company.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....



Adult granary weevil feeding on kernel



Adult rice weevil feeding on kernel



Adult sawtooth grain beetle



Adult Caddell

## FOREMEN'S CREED

—Submitted by Wm. F. Schaediger  
—From the National Safety Congress

1. To become acquainted with each employee.
2. To explain the Company's various plans affecting him.
3. To ascertain the employee's aims.
4. To help him toward those aims.
5. To instill the employee with enough confidence so that he will not keep to himself any so called grievances.
6. To inform each employee of his particular or peculiar drawback which prevents him doing a satisfactory job or advancing further.
7. To know his other qualifications for future reference.
8. To impress upon each employee the need of accident prevention.
9. To have a general human and sympathetic understanding with each employee.
10. All this because it's my feeling that somewhere, somehow, square shooting, faith and confidence in you and your company are to a large degree the important phases of the problem of employee education.

## Good Will

MUST BE EARNED



# CALUMET BUCKETS

WISH YOU A PROSPEROUS NEW  
YEAR—AND HOPE WE MAY HAVE  
YOUR CONTINUED "GOOD WILL"



## B. I. WELLER

Sole Manufacturer

704 HOFFMAN ST.  
HAMMOND, INDIANA

327 SO. LA SALLE ST.  
CHICAGO, ILL.





### BUSIEST IN YEARS

Percy Poulton, Superintendent of N. M. Paterson & Company's Fort William elevator, writes: We have been in the midst of the heaviest grain rush we have experienced in many years. It started fully a month earlier than ever before on record. For the past month my kids have seen so little of me that when they see me coming now they say to their mother, "Here comes that strange man again."



*BE CAREFUL! A small injury may result in a L-A-R-G-E one.*



### TO EXPERIMENT ON FUNGUS IN BINS

M. L. Lightcap has asked co-operation in conducting some experiments designed to minimize or entirely eliminate fungus of the spore-producing nature such as is found hanging from bin walls as well as clotted throughout the drawn off grain. Those willing please communicate with us.



*Grain is like your job: you don't appreciate it until some other fellow comes along and takes it away from you—and then you have to beg for that you once freely gave. . . .*



### TO "VOLT" 'EM UP

I will contact the employers of the superintendents here relative to the Society, inasmuch as I believe that most of the superintendents are interested in the association but have not approached the people for whom they are working. Would like to see the convention come to Kansas City in 1937.—G. C. Meyer, Kansas City (Mo.) Power & Light Company.



*A grain elevator is like the human mind—if it is filled with good grain there is no room for off-grades.*



### GOING ON UP

H. F. Johnson, for years general superintendent of Galveston (Texas) Wharf Company's elevator, now is Assistant to the General Manager. He's one of the low-numbered Charter Members of the Society in "good standing" since the beginning, and we wish him every success.



*"Knowing how to do a job, makes the job easy."*



### BROOM CAUSES DEATH

Can you imagine a man getting killed by a broom?

It can be done!

It **WAS** done trying to sweep under moving belts, pulleys and flywheels when a pulley became tangled with a broom and drove it with such force against a worker's abdomen that he died.

Machinery should be shut down before doing such work.—Freedom Oil Works Company.

### WHAT NEXT?

Underground terminal elevators are being urged by England's Minister of Defense, who emphasizes the advantageous interior temperatures possible. . . . Argentine, on the other hand, is going to try a terminal elevator building program sufficient to handle half the country's exported wheat,—taking the business from private hands. . . . Surely that's the long and the short of it, as underground grain-storage predates the bible, and the other half of the story is that Argentine will soon need some of our "Eat-More-Bread" literature. . . . Whatever way you look at it Gracie Allen would at least expostulate, "Some crust!" . . . Wonder which is better: to be six-stories below the ground when the explosion arrives, or as many above "popping" weevils with a machine-gun? (or see adv.)



### BUSY . . .

"Just now we are enlarging and re-vamping our plant with the result that I do not have much spare time," writes E. A. Longenecker, Society Member and Industrial Engineer of Chas. A. Krause Milling Company of Milwaukee. "In case a Milwaukee Chapter is perfected to discuss various problems pertaining to elevator operation I will be glad to do what I can to help from time to time."

*Continued on Page 15*



# will You GET through you

•  
Showing Closeup  
Views of Spal-  
ling, Hair-Line  
Cracks and Dis-  
integration.

•  
Waterproof and  
Restore Now!  
Prevent Further  
Deterioration!

Avoid Higher Res-  
toration costs  
Before It's Too  
Late.

Temperature differences be-  
tween the outside of the bin walls and the  
inside of the bin walls act  
outside inward through even  
... right into the grain, of  
get mouldy and go out of d

Together let's inspect your  
eyes. Find out the true con-  
dition. Obviously we can only po-  
tentially exist. ... There will be no  
business integrity, like your own  
satisfaction.

PROTECT YOUR

WRITE UP

Estimates Ch

# The M. W. KELLO

Representative C. L. HANSEN  
53 WEST JACKSON BLVD.  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

ESTABLISH

Refer  
ANY NEW YORK BANK,  
RATING AA-A1, A LONG LI



# r grain WET r bin walls

reen the inside and the  
 lly draw water from the  
 he tiniest hair-line crack  
 urse causing it to sweat,  
 edition.

ent through our trained  
 on of your properties ...  
 out to you what really  
 obligation, and our busi-  
 is further assurance of

R GRAIN!

TODAY

lly Given



Above: Before  
 Waterproofing  
 But After Restor-  
 ing.



Below: After  
 Waterproofing  
 the Burlington  
 Public Elevator,  
 St. Joseph, Mo.

# G G C O M P A N Y

D 1895

INN & BRADSTREETS  
 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

225 BROADWAY  
 NEW YORK CITY



# THE BEST STEAM HOSE COSTS THE LEAST



## REPUBLIC CHAMPION

● "It pays to buy the best" is nowhere more true than in the purchase of Steam Hose. Champion has a durable heat-resisting tube, special woven fabric for long life at high temperatures, and a heavy-gauge wear-resisting cover. These qualities assure safety and guarantee maximum service under severe operating conditions.

We offer a complete line of Hose, Belting and other rubber products for immediate delivery.

## GREAT LAKES Supply Corporation

DISTRIBUTORS OF

**MAINTENANCE SUPPLIES for  
the GRAIN ELEVATOR TRADE**

9342 EWING AVE.

CHICAGO

Telephone: South Chicago 7600

### Dear Dean:

Like almost everyone, I used to feel that salesmen spent their entire waking moments in attempting to put something over on the unsuspecting buyer. I grew to view with suspicion and alarm the very sight of a salesman, and so far as treating an advertisement seriously, well, I felt I'd rather put my time in reading something else—anything else!

In turning the pages of a magazine, my eye would be arrested momentarily by an exceptionally well executed advertisement but invariably I'd summon up the old resistance and scoffingly pursue my turning of pages with the thought, "*Pretty slick, but they are not catching me!*"

And so it went; me building up an actual antipathy towards any form of advertising—and still kidding myself into thinking I maintained an open and unbiased mind. But something happened which changed all that. My son got a job. Got a job as a *salesman*.

I'll confess, Dean, I felt rather low to think that my own flesh and blood could so demean himself. He a salesman? Bah! I phoned him for a dinner appointment and over the coffee and cigars I dragged out the heavy artillery of parental disapproval and paraded my bleeding heart all over the fields.

The Kid listened patiently—as a good salesman must, and then he murmured, "Dad, you've got the wrong slant. I'll bet you the price of this meal that sometime or other, years ago, you've fallen victim to some fly-by-night scheme of advertising and have remained permanently soured."

I choked a little on my cigar smoke and said, "Go ahead."

The Kid resumed, "Since being in the business myself, I've learned a few things about advertising. I know I've only been employed in the game for two days but do you think that I was hired just because I am six feet one and hit the scales at two hundred? There's plenty of men who fit those qualifications. The reason I was hired, Dad, is that my University training and the skull work I did in preparing for the job, by learning their business fitted me. If I hadn't made a serious effort to fit myself for their business, I would not have been hired. Now, here's the works: The firms that manufacture products spend millions in perfecting those products and they are taking no chances in sending out representatives who don't know their stuff. Those men *must* be



trained, and the same conditions apply to their advertising; there has to be as much brains and money invested in advertisements as there is in the product itself. Otherwise, how would the ultimate consumer know where to purchase? Dad, I can boil the whole thing down to one sentence: "A firm produces the best product science and money can give it—if they didn't they wouldn't be in business long—and the sales angle is just as authentic and reliable as is their product."

Well, Dean, when the kid finished I took up the check and made a resolve to pay as much attention to salesmen and advertisements as I do to my job.

Yours truly,  
Sandy

★

*I wish to be simple, honest, natural, frank, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected—ready to say, "I do not know," if so it be—to meet all men on an absolute equality—to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unafraid and unabashed. I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy or fear. I wish others to live their lives, too—up to their highest, fullest and best.*

WISHING YOU

The Season's  
Greetings



THE WEEVIL-CIDE  
COMPANY

1406 W. 9th St.

Kansas City, Mo.

## PROTECT

Terminal elevator legs  
against the hazards of dust  
explosions with the widely-  
used

**ROBERTSON**  
**SAFETY VENTILATORS**



## INSURE

Complete safety by venti-  
lating grain storage bins  
with

**ROBERTSON**  
**CAPACITY VENTILATORS**



## SAVE

Money by covering termi-  
nal buildings with corro-  
sion-resistant, long-lived,  
economical

**ROBERTSON**  
**PROTECTED METAL**



*Write today for information*

**H. H. ROBERTSON CO.**

2000 GRANT BUILDING  
PITTSBURGH, PA.



LONGER LIFE AND SERVICE  
 LOWER MAINTENANCE  
 LESS BELT WEAR

# Costs Less

... IN THE LONG RUN

## HAMMOND Buckets



Hammond "DP"

- No change in dimensions.
- Greater strength and longer service.
- One-piece sturdy construction.
- Heavier gauge Steel to resist wear.
- Perfectly smooth inside and out.
- No bands to interfere with pick-up or discharge.
- Lighter weight — less belt wear.



Hammond "DP" with Brace

This type of Bucket, long favored by many grain elevator superintendents, now improved and designed to reduce weight — increase efficiency — save belts — and lower costs of maintenance and replacement. Users report substantial savings in belt wear by preventing premature break-downs. The logical Bucket when replacements are necessary. Our Bucket department is equipped to furnish a complete range of sizes in both the Hammond D. P. and Hammond O. K. types.

## CALUMET Bolts

- Distributes bucket weight over larger area of belt.
- Large head prevents pulling through belt.
- Conical point pierces through belt.
- Punching unnecessary — no weakening of belt.
- Avoids cutting, fraying, or ravelling of belt fabric.
- Saves belt — reduces break downs and maintenance.
- Sizes in stock all  $\frac{1}{4}$ " dia.



The ideal bolt for bucket elevator installations where loading factors are heavy and belts prematurely wear out. Effects substantial savings in maintenance costs, as it eliminates punching holes in belt — the real cause of belt deterioration and break-downs.

Send for Samples and Name of Your Dealer



## GRAIN IS ON THE MOVE

CHI LLINI

The seed finds life within the ground,  
 The plant grows forth strong and sound;  
 The Combine moves throughout the field  
 And Nature gives her precious yield —  
*Grain is on the move!*

A snorting engine pulls a train  
 Of golden, glowing amber grain  
 To where a stately ship stands by  
 An Elevator rising high —  
*Grain is on the move!*

From car to bin and scale to ship  
 And through the lake wind's rugged whip,  
 The doughty kernels march on still  
 To bivouac at whitened mill —  
*Grain is on the move!*

Through trial of rollers and bleacher's stress,  
 Surging on with naught of rest,  
 In cars again to baker's shed

# Sincere Greetings



AND MAY 1937 BE  
 GENEROUS TO YOU



## HARRY B. OLSON

### GRAIN TESTING EQUIPMENT

155 North Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois

To monstrous ovens and into bread —  
*Grain is on the move!*

A thousand trucks and mayhap more  
 Carry it on from store to store;  
 A billion humans buy and eat  
 Then find their zest for life . . . complete —  
*Grain is on the move!*



# The MIX

by H. D. WINTER



● Since the bar has been blessed by the clergy and cocktails open the dinners of the elect, one may speak of the tavern. Teetotalers need not listen, if they choose; there is always the slot self-service restaurant where a coin dropped into the cold bouillon aperture will bring forth a Dry Martini.

James Durkin worked on the sober side of the bar in O'Connor's Cafe. You and I stood, one-legged like geese, on the other side and went into voluntary liquidation with our week's wages. Opposite danced James, clean, temperate, clear-headed, polite, white-jacketed, punctual, trustworthy, young, responsible and took our money.

The tavern (whether blessed or cursed) stood in one of those little "places" which are parallelograms instead of streets, and inhabited by laundries, decayed blue-blooded families and Bohemians who have nothing to do with either.

Over the cafe lived O'Connor and his family. His daughter Maureen had eyes of dark Irish—but why should you be told? Be content with your Annabelle or your Marge. For James dreamed of her; and when she called softly at the foot of the back stairs for the pitcher of beer for dinner, his heart went up and down like a milk punch in the shaker. Orderly and fit are the rules of Romance; and if you hurl the last shilling of your fortune upon the bar for whiskey, the bartender shall take it, and marry his boss' daughter, and good will grow out of it.



But not so James. For in the presence of women he was tongue-tied and scarlet. He who would quell with his eye the sonorous youth whom the gin-fizzes made loquacious, or smash with lemon squeezer the obstreperous, or hurl gutterward the cantankerous without the angle of his neat black bow-tie being changed, when he stood before women was voiceless incoherent, stuttering, buried beneath a hot avalanche of bashfulness and misery. What then was he before Maureen? A trembler, with no word to say for himself, a stone without blarney, the dumbest lover that ever babbled of the weather in the presence of his divinity.

There came to O'Connors two suntanned men, Kelly and O'Shay. They had conference with O'Connor; and then they took possession of a back room which they filled with bottles and siphons and jugs and druggist's measuring glasses. All the appurtenances of a tavern were there, but they dispensed no drinks. All day long the two sweltered in there, pouring and mixing unknown brews and decoctions from the liquors in their store. Kelly had the education, and he figured on reams of paper, reducing gallons to ounces and quarts to fluid drams. O'Shay, a morose man with a red eye, dashed each unsuccessful completed mixture into the waste pipes with curses gentle, husky and deep. They labored heavily and untiringly to achieve some mysterious solution like two alchemists striving to resolve gold from the elements.

Into this back room one evening when his watch was done sauntered James. His professional curiosity had been stirred by these occult bartenders at whose bar none drank, and who daily drew upon O'Connor's store of liquors to follow their consuming and fruitless experiments.

Down the back stairs came Maureen with her smile like sunrise on Gweebara Bay.

"Good evening, Mr. Durkin", says she. "And what is the news today, if you please?"

"It looks like r-r-rain," stammered the shy one, backing to the wall.

"It couldn't do better," said Maureen. "I'm thinking there's nothing the worse off for a little water."

In the back room Kelly and O'Shay toiled like bearded witches over their strange compounds. From fifty bottles they drew liquids carefully measured after Kelly's figures, and shook the whole together in a great glass vessel. Then O'Shay would dash it out with gloomy profanity, and they would begin again.

"Sit down," said Kelly to James, "and I'll tell you. Last summer me and Pat concludes that an American bar in this nation of Nicaragua would pay. There was a town on the coast where there's nothing to eat but quinine and nothing to drink but rum. The natives and foreigners lay down with chills and get up with fevers; and a good mixed drink is nature's remedy for all such tropical inconveniences.

"So we lays in a fine stock of wet goods in New York and bar fixtures and glassware, and we sails for that Santa Palma town on a lime steamer. On the way me and Pat sees flying fish and plays poker with the captain and steward, and already begins to feel like the high-ball kings of the tropics.

"When we gets within five hours of the country that we was going to introduce to long drinks and short change the captain calls us over to the starboard binnacle and recollects a few things.

"I forgot to tell you, boys" says he, "that Nicaragua slapped an import duty of 48 per cent ad valorem on all bottled goods last month. The President took a bottle of Chicago hair tonic by mistake for tobasco sauce, and he's getting even. Barrelled goods is free."

"Sorry you didn't mention it sooner,"



says we. And we bought two forty-two gallon casks from the captain, and opened every bottle we had and dumped the stuff all together in the casks. That 48 per cent would have ruined us; so we took the chances on making that \$1,200 cocktail rather than throw the stuff away.

"Well, when we landed we tapped one of the barrels. The mixture was something heartrending. It was the color of a plate of Bowery pea soup, and it tasted like one of those coffee substitutes your aunt makes you take for the heart trouble you get by picking losers. We gave a nigger four fingers of it to try it, and he lay under a cocoanut tree three days beating the sand with his heels and refused to sign a testimonial.

"But the other barrel! Say, bartender, did you ever put on a straw hat with a yellow band around it and go up in a stratosphere balloon with a pretty girl with \$4,800,000,000 in your pocket all at the same time? That's what thirty drops of it made you feel like. With two fingers of it inside you you would bury your face in your hands and cry because there wasn't anything more worthwhile around for you to lick than little Joe Louis. Yes, sir, the stuff in that second barrel was distilled elixir of battle, money and high life. It was the color of gold and as clear as glass, and it shone after dark like the sunshine was still in it. A thousand years from now you'll get a drink like that across the bar.

"Well, we started up in business with that one line of drinks, and it was enough. The piebald gentry of that country stuck to it like a hive of bees. If that barrel had lasted that country would have become the greatest on earth. When we opened up of mornings we had a line of Generals and Colonels and ex-Presidents and revolutionists a block long waiting to be served. We started in at 50 cents silver a drink. The last ten gallons went easy at \$5 a gulp. It was wonderful stuff. It gave a man courage and ambition and nerve to do anything; and at the same time he didn't care whether his money was tainted or fresh from the refrigerator trust. When that barrel was half gone Nicaragua had repudiated the National debt, removed the duty on cigarettes and was about to declare war on the United States and England.

"'Twas by accident we discovered this king of drinks, and 'twill be by good luck if we strike it again. For ten months we've been trying. Small lots at a time, we've mixed barrels of all the harmful

ingredients known to the profession of drinking. Ye could have stocked ten bars with the whiskies, brandies, cordials, bitters, gins and wines me and Pat have wasted. A glorious drink like that to be denied the world! 'Tis a sorrow and a loss of money. The United States as a nation would welcome a drink of that sort, and pay for it."



All the while O'Shay had been carefully measuring and pouring together small quantities of various spirits, as Kelly called them, from his latest penciled prescription. The completed mixture was of a vile, mottled chocolate color. O'Shay tasted it, and hurled it, with appropriate epithets, into the waste sink.

"'Tis a strange story, even if its true", said James. "I'll be going now along to my supper."

"Take a drink," said Kelly. "We've all kinds except the lost blend".

"I never drink", said James, "anything stronger than water. I am just after meeting Miss Maureen by the stairs. She said a true word, 'There's not anything', says she, 'but is better off for a little water'".

When James had left them Kelly almost felled O'Shay by a blow on the back.

"Did ye hear that? he shouted. "Two fools are we. The six dozen bottles of 'pollinaris we had on the ship—ye opened them yourself—which barrel did ye pour them in—which barrel ye mudhead?"

"I mind," said O'Shay slowly, "'twas in the second barrel we opened. I mind the blue piece of paper pasted on the side of it."

"We've got it now," cried Kelly. "'Twas that we lacked. 'Tis the water that does the trick. Everything else we had right. Hurry, man, and get two bottles of 'pollinaris from the bar, while I

figure out the proportionments with me pencil."

An hour later James strolled down the sidewalk toward O'Connor's Cafe. Thus faithful employees haunt, during their recreational hours, the vicinity where they labor, drawn by some mysterious attraction.

A police patrol wagon stood at the side door. Three able cops were half carrying, half hustling Kelly and O'Shay up its rear steps. The eyes and faces of each bore the bruises and cuts of sanguinary and assiduous conflict. Yet they whooped with strange joy, and directed upon the police the feeble remnants of their pug-nacious madness.

"Began fighting each other in the back room," explained O'Connor to James. "And singing! That was worse. Smashed everything pretty much up. But they're good men. They'll pay for everything. Trying to invent some new kind of cocktail, they was. I'll see they come out alright in the morning."

James sauntered into the back room to view the battlefield. As he went through the hall, Maureen was just coming down the stairs.

"Good evening again, Mr. Durkin," said she. "And is there no news from the weather yet?"

"Still threatens r-rain," said James, slipping past with red in his smooth, pale cheek.

Kelly and O'Shay had indeed waged a great and friendly battle. Broken bottles and glasses were everywhere. The room was full of alcohol fumes; the floor was variegated with spiritous puddles.

On the table stood a thirty-two ounce glass graduated measure. In the bottom of it were two tablespoonfuls of liquid—a bright golden liquid that seemed to hold the sunshine a prisoner in its auriferous depths.

James smelled it. He tasted it. He drank it.

As he returned through the hall, Maureen was just going up the stairs.

"No news yet, Mr. Durkin?" she asked with her teasing laugh.

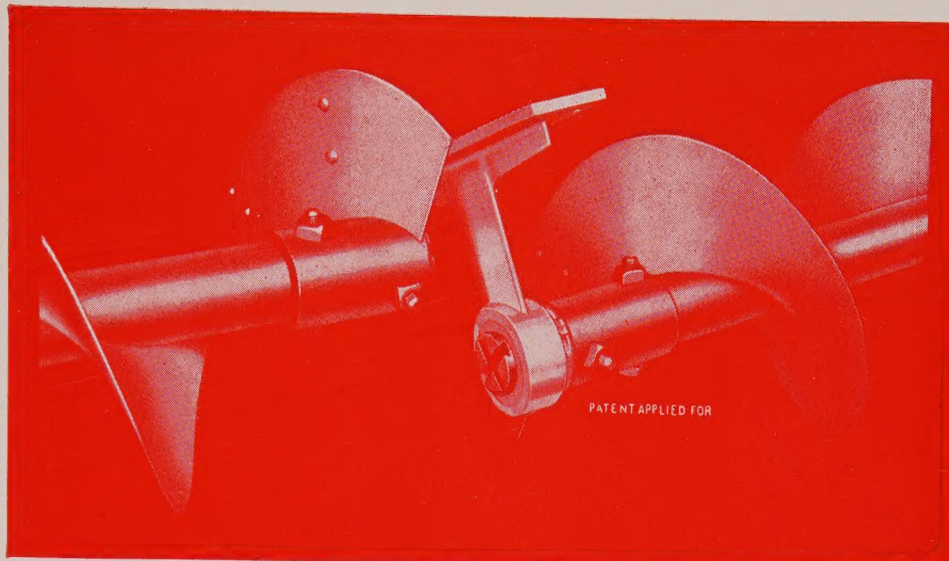
James lifted her clear from the floor and held her there.

"The news is," he said, "that we're to be married."

"Put me down, sir!" she cried indignantly, "or I will ———— Oh, James, where, oh, wherever, did you get the nerve to say it?"



# A Demountable Spiral Screw Conveyor Coupling



together with

TYPE "S" Coupling and Hanger

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Mfg. by **L. BURMEISTER CO.**

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### HIS TWO HOBBIES

Oscar W. Olsen, Superintendent, Peavey Terminal, Duluth, is snapped with his pride and joys,—Junior and the Class "C" Trophy this plant has just won for the third time for no lost-time accidents. Oscar has so far led his crew through thirty months without even as much as a doctor bill,—headaches not included.



Probably not too many of us can possibly match these two first-rate hobbies, but we can keep trying without too much strain. . . . Incidentally, National Safety Council reports the biggest complaint in

our huge industry is that too many employees fail to report trivial scratches and accidents which too often leads to untold suffering and, unfortunately, deaths. Better to get scratched up like Oscar here.



### THE REAL ANSWER

Henry Keir, Superintendent of Bartlett-Frasier's Wabash Elevator in Chicago, National Director and Past President of the local Chapter, in addressing a recent meeting cryptly cited that "the Elevator Superintendents' Association helps members to become more competent to help their employers.

"Nothing like being specific," he says.



### SURE THEY BENEFITED

ORRIN S. DOWSE, Vice President, Stratton Grain Co., Chicago: I am glad it was possible for us to send some representatives to your Convention and am sure they benefited, and from all reports had an enlightening time.



### HE'S OUT OF LINE

I would be only too glad to rejoin the Society but the elevator is closed down;—but I'll be back.—M. C. Herman, Manitowoc, Wisc.

### WILL BE ON DECK NEXT TIME

Sorry I had to cancel my plans to attend the convention, and would thank you for any information you might have, speeches, etc.—Edward E. Frauenheim, Jr., Buffalo (N. Y.) Forwarding Corporation.



*"Do unto others as though you were the others."*



Courtesy Chicago Tribune





*Wherever it comes from*

the terminal and  
transfer elevators  
of North America  
always handle  
about so much  
grain every year

*and "Grain" reaches them all!*

